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THE ORGAN

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CALEB CLARK,
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Poetry.

The Birds of Spring.

Sing on by fane and forest old,
By tombs and cottage eaves,
And tell the waste of coming flowers,
The wood of coming leaves.—
The same sweet song that o'er the birth
Of earliest blossoms rang
And caught its music from the hymn
The stars of morning sang!

It hailed the radiant path of Spring,
By stream and valley fair,
And o'er the earth's green hill-tops, when
No step but hers was there;
And like the laurel's gift of green,
The violet's depth of blue,
It has survived a thousand thrones,
And yet the song is new.

Now as we heard it in the years
Whose memories still are young,
When life's first rainbow o'er our path
Its arch of glory flung!
That visioned light has melted long
From hearts whose hopes have met
The shower and shadow; but your strains
Are loved and trusted yet.

They come when sunset's dying lines,
Or morning's waking smiles,
Light up the mountain's rocky shrines,
The lonely forest aisles,
Our souls, from all their early store,
Have kept one answering tone
Of joy, to greet each gushing song
With gladness like its own.

There have been harps among us strung,—
It seemed beside "the tree
Of life," where all the flowers we sought,
Or dreamed of, yet might be!
But early fell the hush of death
On each unwearied string,
That caught, though from afar, the dew
Of everlasting spring.

O blest is true and tearless love!
O free of earth and air!
For whom the past has no regret,
The all to come no care!
Still, from its Summers far away,
To the worn heart ye bring
Its early store of love and hope—
Sweet prophet-birds of Spring.

Temperance Hymn.

"From Gallia's teeming wine press,
From Holland's streams of Gin,
Where thousands, in their blindness,
Prepare the bait of sin;
From many a *fiery* river,
From many a poisonous rill,
God calls us to deliver
The victims of the *Still*.

What though they sing of pleasure,
While each the goblet fills;
What though their bliss they measure
By *quarts* and *pints* and *gills*—
In vain with lavish kindness
Heaven gives us richer bread;
Distillers, in their blindness,
Make poison in its stead,

Shall we, by TEMPERANCE aided
In health and peace to live—
Shall we, to men degraded,
Refuse the boon to give?
The Fountain! Oh! the Fountain!
The balm of health proclaim,
"Till men, o'er sea and mountain,
Shall speed to tell its fame.

Waft, waft ye winds the story,
And you ye waters roll,
'Till Temperance, in its glory,
Shall spread from pole to pole;
'Till health and peace, and blessings
Shall follow in its train,
And Christ all hearts possessing,
God over all shall reign."

Selected Tale.

STORY OF REMBRANDT.

At a short distance from Leyden, may still be seen a flour-mill with a quaint old dwelling-house attached, which bears, on a brick in a corner of the wide chimney, the date 1550.—Here, in 1606, was born Paul Rembrandt. At an early age he manifested a stubborn, independent will, which his father tried in vain to subdue. He caused his son to work in the mill, intending that he should succeed him in its management; but the boy showed so decided a distaste for the employment, that his father resolved to make him a priest, and sent him to study at Leydon. Every one knows, however, that few lads of fifteen, endowed with great muscular vigor and abundance of animal spirits, will take naturally and without compulsion to the study of Latin grammer. Rembrandt certainly did not; and his obstinacy proving an overmatch, for his teachers' patience, he was sent back to the mill, when his father beat him so severely that next morning he ran off to Leyden, without in the least knowing how he should live there. Fortunately he sought refuge in the house of an honest artist, Van Zwanenberg, who was acquainted with his father.

"Tell me, Paul," asked his friend, "what do you mean to do with yourself, if you will not be either a priest or a miller? They are both honorable professions: one gives food to the soul, the other prepares it for the body."

"Very likely," replied the boy; "But I don't fancy either; for in order to be a priest, one must learn Latin; and to be a miller, one must bear to be beaten. How do *you* earn your bread?"

"You know very well I am a painter."

"Then I will be one too, Herr Zwanenberg; and if you will go to-morrow and tell my father so, you will do me a great service."

The good-natured artist willingly undertook the mission, and acquainted the old miller with his sons resolution.

"I want to know one thing," said Master Rembrandt, "will he be able to gain a livelihood by painting?"

"Certainly, and perhaps make a fortune."

"Then if you will teach him, I consent."

Thus Paul became the pupil of Van Zwanenberg, and made rapid progress in the elementary parts of his profession. Impatient to produce some finished work, he did not give himself time to acquire purity of style, but astonished his master by his precocious skill in grouping figures, and producing marvellous effects of light and shade. The first lesson which he took in perspective, having wearied him, he thought of a shorter method and *invented* perspective for himself.

One of his first rude sketches happened to fall into the hands of a citizen of Leyden who understood painting. Despite of its evident defects, the germs of rare talent which it evinced struck the burgomaster; and sending for the young artist, he offered to give him a recommendation to a celebrated painter living at Amsterdam, under whom he would have far more opportunity of improvement than with his present instructor.

Rembrandt accepted the offer, and during the following year toiled incessantly. Meantime his finances were dreadfully straitened; for his father, finding that the expected profits were very tardy, refused to give money to support his son, as he said, in idleness. Paul, however, was not discouraged. Although far from possessing an amiable or estimable disposition, he held a firm and just opinion of his own powers, and resolved to make these subservient first to fortune and then to fame. Thus while some of his companions having finished their preliminary studies repaired to Florance, to Bologna, or to Rome, Paul, determined, as he said, not to lose his own style by becoming an imitator of even the mightiest masters, betook himself to his paternal mill. At first his return resembled that of the Prodigal Son. His father believed that he had come to resume his miller's work; and bitter was the disappointment at finding his son resolved not to renounce painting.

With a very bad grace he allowed Paul to displace the flour-sacks on an upper loft, in order to make a sort of Studio, lighted by only one narrow window in the roof. There Paul painted his first finished picture. It was a *potrait* of the mill. There, on the canvas, was seen the old miller, lighted by a lantern which he carried in his hand, giving directions to his men, occupied in ranging sacks in the dark recesses of the granary. One ray falls on the fresh, comely countenance of his mother, who has her foot on the last step of a wooden staircase.* Rembrandt took this painting to the Hague, and sold it for 100 florins. In order to return with more speed, he took his place in the public coach. When the passengers stopped to dine, Rembrandt fearing to lose his treasure, remained in the carriage. The careless stable-boy who brought the horses their corn forgot to unharness them, and as soon as they had finished eating, excited proably by Rembrandt, who cared not for his fellow-passengers, the animals started off for Leydon, and quietly halted at their accustomed inn. Our painter then get out, and repaired with his money to the mill.

Great was his father's joy. At length these silly doubts, which had so often excited his angry contempt, seemed likely to be transmited into gold, and the old man's imagination took a rapturous flight. "Neither he nor his old horse," he said, "need now work any longer, they might both enjoy quiet during the remainder of their lives. Paul would paint pictures and support the whole household in affluence."

Such was the old mans castle in the air; his clever, selfish son soon demolished it. "This sum of money, he said, "is only a lucky windfall. If you indeed, wish it to become the foundation of my fortune, give me one hundred florins besides, and let me return to Amsterdam: there I must work and study hard."

It would be difficult to describe old Rembrandts disappointment. Slowly, reluctantly, and one by one, he drew forth the 100 florins from his strong-box. Paul took them, and with small show of gratitude, returned to Amsterdam. In a short time his fame became established as the greatest and most original of living artists. He had a host of imitators, but all failed miserably in their attempts at producing his marvellous effects of light and shade.—

Yet Rembrandt prized the gold which flowed into him far more than the glory. While mingling the colors which were to flash out on his canvas in real living light, he thought but of his dingy coffers.

When in possession of a yearly income equal to £3,000 sterling, he would not permit the agent who collected his rents to bring them in from the country to Amsterdam, lest he should be obliged to invite him to dinner. He preferred setting out on a fine day, and going himself to the agent's house. In this way he saved two dinners—the one which he got, and the one he avoided giving. "So that's well managed!" he used to say.

This sordid disposition often exposed him to practical jokes from his pupils; but he possessed a quiet temper, and was not easily annoyed. One day a rich citizen came in, and asked him the price of a certain picture.

"Two hundred florins, said Rembrandt."

"Agreed," said his visitor. "I will pay you to-morrow when I send for the picture."

About an hour afterwards a letter was handed to the painter Its contents were as follows.

"MASTER REMBRANDT—During your absence a few days since, I saw in your studio a picture representing an old woman churning butter.—I was enchanted with it, and if you will let me purchase it for 300 florins, I pray you bring it to my house; and be *my* guest for the day."

The letter was signed with some ficticous name, and bore the address of a village several leagues distant from Amsterdam.

Tempted by the additional 100 florins, and caring little for breaking his engagement, Rembrandt set out early next morning with his picture. He walked for four hours without finding his obliging correspondent, and at length, worn out with fatigue, he returned home.

He found the citizen in his studio, waiting for the picture. As Rembrandt, however, did not despair of finding the man of the 300 florins, and as a falsehood troubled but little his blunted conscience, he said:

*This picture is believed to be no longer in existence. I have found its description in the work of the historian Decamps.

"Alas! an accident has happened to the picture; the canvas was injured, and I fear that I threw it into the fire. Two hundred florins gone! However, it will be my loss, not yours, for I will paint another precisely similar, and it shall be ready for you by this time to-morrow."

"I am sorry," replied the amateur, but it was the picture you have burned which I wished to have; and as that is gone; I shall not trouble you to paint another.

So he departed, and Rembrandt shortly afterwards received a second letter to the following effect.

MASTER REMBRANDT—You have broken your engagement, told a falsehood, wearied yourself to death, and lost the sale of your picture—all by listening to the dictates of avarice. Let this lesson be a warning to you in future."

"So," said the painter, looking round at his pupils, "one of you must have played me this pretty trick, Well, well, I forgive it. You young varlets do not know the value of a florin as I know it."

Sometimes the students nailed small copper coins on the floor, for the mischievous pleasure of seeing their master, who suffered much from rheumatism in the back, stoop with pain and difficulty, and try in vain to pick them up.

Rembrandt married an ignorant peasant who had served him as cook, thinking this a more economical alliance than one with a person of refined mind and habits. He and his wife usually dined on brown bread, salt herrings, and small beer. He occasionally took portraits at a high price, and in this way became acquainted with the Burgomaster Six, a man of enlarged mind and unblemished character, who yet continued faithfully attached to the avaricious painter. His friendship was sometimes put to a severe test by such occurrances as the following:—

Rembrandt remarked one day, that the price of his engravings had fallen.

"You are insatiable," said the burgomaster.

"Perhaps so. I cannot help thirsting for gold."

"You are a miser."

"True, and I shall be one all my life."

"'Tis really a pity," remarked his friend, "that you will not be able after death to act as your own treasurer, for whenever that event occurs, all your works will rise to treble their present value."

A bright idea struck Rembrandt. He returned home, went to bed, desired his wife and his son Titus to scatter straw before the door, and give out, first, that he was dangerously ill, and then dead—while the simulated fever was to be of so dreadfully infectious a nature that none of the neighbors were to be admitted near the sick-room. These instructions were followed to the letter; and the disconsolate widow proclaimed that, in order to procure money for her husband's interment, she must sell all his works, any property that he left no being available on so short a notice.

The unworthy trick succeeded. The sale including every trifle scrap of painting or engraving, realized an enormous sum, and Rembrandt was in ecstasy. The honest burgomaster, however, at was nearly frightened into a fit of apoplexy seeing the man whose death he had sincerely mourned standing alive and well, at the door of his studio. Meinherr Six, obliged him to promise that he would in future abstain from such abominable deceptions.

One day he was employed in painting a group, the likenesses of the whole family of a rich citizen. He had nearly finished it, when intelligence was brought him of the death of a tame ape, which he greatly loved. The creature had fallen off the roof of the house into the street. Without interrupting his work Rembrandt burst into loud lamentations, and after some time announced that the piece was finished. The whole family advanced to look at it, and what was their horror to see introduced between the heads of the eldest son and daughter an exact likeness of the dear departed ape.—With one voice they all exclaimed against this singular relative which it had pleased the painter to introduce amongst them, and insisted upon his effacing it.

"What?" exclaimed Rembrandt, efface the finest figure in the picture? No; indeed, I prefer keeping the piece myself." Which he did, and carried off the painting.

Of Rembrandt's style it may be said, that he painted with light, for frequently an object was indicated merely by the projection of a shadow on the wall. Often a luminous spot suggested, rather than defined, a hand or head. Yet there is nothing vague in his paintings: the mind senses the design immediately. His studio was a circular room lighted by several narrow slits, so contrived that rays of sunshine entered through only one at a time, and thus produced strange effects of light and shade. The room was filled with old world furniture, which made it resemble an antiquary's museum. There were heaped up in the most picturesque confusion, curious old furniture, antique armour, gorgeously tinted stuffs, and these Rembrandt arranged in different forms and positions, so as to vary the effects of light and color. This he called "making his models sit to him." And in this close adherence to reality consisted the great secret of his art. It is strange that his favorite amongst all his pupils was the one whose style least resembled his own—Gerad Douw—he who aimed at the most excessive minuteness of delineation, who stopped key-holes lest a particle of dust should fall on his palette, who gloried in representing the effects of fresh scouring on the side of a kettle.

Rembrandt died in 1674, at the age of sixty-eight. He passed all his life at Amsterdam.—Some of his biographers have told erroneously that he once visited Italy: they were deceived by the word *Venetiis* placed at the bottom of several of his engravings. He wrote it there with the intention of deluding his countrymen into the belief that he was absent, and about to settle in Italy—an impression which would materially raise the price of his productions. Strange and sad it is, to see so much genius united with so much meanness—the head of fine gold with the feet of clay.

☞ An editor down south, who served four days on a jury, says he's so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

THE EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. V. G. KIMBALL.

The love of home and country is always strong, but nowhere is it stronger than in the warm heart which beats beneath the coarse gray frock of the Irish peasant. He loves the green land of his birth, cursed though it is with beggary and starvation; and stern is the necessity which drives him forth to seek a home among strangers! I never look on one of these poor, despised, degraded sons of Erin, but my heart warms towards him, and I think of one whose sad and early fate deserves a brief memorial.

James Moreen was born in the north of Ireland, in one of those miserable districts where hunger and nakedness seem the only inheritance of the children of the soil—where the priest and the landlord step in to divide what should be the reward of honest industry; and those who have earned their bread with the sweat of their brows, are left to perish for want. The home of his childhood was a hovel—a miserable hovel, without a floor—the crazy ruinous walls, and the mouldering roof of thatch, were frail protection against the winter winds and summer-rains, and yet, with all its squalid poverty, he loved it, for love was there—a blessing oftentimes denied the place. His mother had been fair in girlhood—very fair—and though the bloom had forsaken her cheek before James could remember her, there was still a melting tenderness in her soft blue eye, and a loving smile on her lip, which seemed to illumine the naked, dripping walls when the wintry storm beat in upon them. And there were days of summer sunshine—blessings indeed to the poor—when the wreathing vine, hid the rough exterior of the cottage, and the wild flowers grew about the door, sweet and beautiful as if planted in a palace garden. Thank Heaven! there are some things which the rich and proud cannot monopolize. The greatest blessing which God confers on man, he has made universal and unalienable. The poorest wretch who walks the earth, may look up to the fair blue sky above him, and to the glorious garniture of suns and systems which adore it, and drink in the mystery and beauty of the scene as freely as the Monarch on his throne. The zephyr will fan his cheek as softly, and the flowers, earth's fairest and sweetest adorning, will unfold their petals beneath his eye, and pour their fragrance as gently around him.

Such was the home in which James Moreen grew up to manhood. Though fortune had been niggardly, nature was prodigal in her gifts to him, and many a purse-proud aristocrat would have gladly exchanged his gold for the manly form and handsome face of the poor peasant.—But this fair exterior was not his highest endowment. He possessed not only the lively and irrepressable wit which characterizes his nation, but a noble, generous heart. The curse of drunkenness and sensuality was all around, but it fell not on him. The sweet influence of his mother's smiles kept him from degradation.

Mary O'Brian was a neighbor's daughter.—They had grown up together, and as they met day after day, it was not strange that a mutual affection sprang up between them; and when Mary's father and mother died, leaving her homeless and friendless, he offered her all he possessed, an honest heart, a strong hand, and a home under the poor roof which sheltered him. Hitherto James had borne his lot with seeming indifference. He had labored hard all day, and returned at night to a supper of oat-meal gruel, and a couch of straw without a murmur. But since his marriage, a change had come over him. A restless desire to better his condition had taken possession of his soul. He had heard of America, that blessed land, where the hand of industry could earn bread enough and to spare. He revolved it day and night. At evening when his work was done, he would turn away from the scanty and tasteless meal which rewarded his toil, with ill-concealed impatience, and sit with a clouded brow, gazing on the tottering walls, and reeking, mouldering thatch which sheltered him.

"What ails ye Jamie?" his mother would sometimes say. "Come cheer up, darling, don't be so sober like. God knows we have trouble enough—don't bring a gloomy face to add to it."

"God knows we have too much sorrow and want," he would reply. "He never made his children who till the soil to starve. Why should you, mother, and Mary, who deserve a palace, dwell under such a roof as this. God help me to find the land where honest industry is rewarded, and you shall have bread and a better house to shelter ye."

"Don't speak of that land, boy—a blessed land though it be—where the poor never know hunger and nakedness. It is not for the like of us. So be quiet, and don't fret about it, and look for a better land beyond the grave."

"Hush, mother dear, and don't be discouraging a poor boy with your tears! Pray God open the way before me, and He who guides the little birds over the wide waters will be mindful of us in time of need."

While James Moreen was vainly devising plans to accomplish his dearest purpose, a gentleman came into the neighborhood, and took lodging at the little inn. He was born near there, and thought he had no relatives living in the place, a recollection of his early days had brought him back to visit the scenes of his early childhood. He took long walks, conversing freely with the people at their work. The superior manliness and intelligence of young Morcen soon attracted his attention, and interested his heart. When he learned from the young man his wish to emigrate to America, he offered him a passage in a ship of which he was master, which would sail in a few days from Dublin to New York.

This was good fortune beyond his utmost hopes, and he hastily prepared for his departure. His family must be left behind, not even Mary could go, but then they soon expected to meet again in that land of freedom and plenty beyond the sea. How sweet was the hope—how bright the imaginings of that reunion! But alas, how false! A terrible future was before them, of which they little dreamed.

The morning of separation came, and with many tears, and prayers, and blessings, the young man took his farewell of his humble home, and the dear ones—dearer than life—who were to remain behind.

"God keep you, darling, on the wide waters," sobbed his mother, "and bless you in the land to which you go!"

And his father exclaimed, the tears streaming down his furrowed and weather-beaten face, "God bless and keep you in the hollow of His holy hand and if we see your face no more—as my heart forbodes we never may—He will give you an entrance to His blessed home above!"

The young wife clung weeping and sobbing to his bosom till the moment of parting came, and when he turned to depart, she sunk, fainting in his mothers arms.

With a hurried step and streaming eyes, James Moreen turned his feet into the high road which led to Dublin. He soon gained a little eminence, from which he could obtain a last look of that poor hovel which held all that was dear to him on earth. He paused, and looking back, threw himself on his knees, and raising his hands towards heaven, exclaimed:

"O thou, who clothest the lillies of the field, and hearest the young ravens when they cry—protect them—and guide me on my way!" He arose strengthened by this simple act of devotion and proceeded on his way. The spring was just opening. Here and there a daisy peeped from the sod, and the birds sung in the leafless trees. Who could have foreseen that ere those spring flowers should bloom again, famine and pestilence would sweep over that devoted land, leaving many a hamlet desolate, and many a grave yard full.

We will pass briefly over the voyage. The ship, the sea, everything were new and strange to the young man; but he contrived to make himself so useful and agreeable about the vessel that when he landed in New York, the kind-hearted captain gave him eight dollars, and obtained for him a situation as a porter in a store.

It was a happy day for him when he received his first month's wages—twelve dollars besides his board. He had never possessed so much money before, and he looked on it with a feeling of triumph, which those who are accustomed to abundance can never feel. A letter was dispatched to his father, informing him of his good fortune, and promising in a few months to send him money enough to bring them all over the water, and then the happy home that they would have! They would not stay in the city, but hasten to the western wilderness—build a log cabin—clear a field, and live like princes on their own domain.

Weeks and months passed away. The summer and autumn were gone, and the terrible winter of 1847 commenced. Then the tidings came over the sea—falling like a death-knell on the ears of James Moreen—that Ireland was starving. Not an hour was lost. Every cent of his well-saved earnings was dispatched to the relief of his family, for he knew that nowhere would the public calamity fall more heavily than on his native district.

The terrible winter of 1847—long will Ireland remember it, and shudder at the recollection of its woes. The traveller who passes through the land is often pointed to the deserted hovels and told the fearful story of starvation and death which has left them desolate. Among those tenantless dwellings may be seen the humble roof which sheltered the childhood of James Moreen. After James left, the family labored on as usual, hoping at least, after rent and tythes were paid, to have a few potatoes for winter. But what were their feelings as they saw those precious roots, on which they were dependent for life, itself, changing to a black and offensive mass! Rapidly they disappeared, and before the winter had fairly set in, their little store was all gone. Now their only hope was in James. They had written to him of their distress, and if they could hold out till the assistance which they felt sure he would send them should arrive, they might hope to get through the winter. Now every particle of food was economized, and the grains of corn counted out. They grew paler, weaker, and more emaciated, and the scanty pittance which now sustained life, must soon fail. As day after day passed away, the forlorn hope of help died in their bosoms. They could expect no assistance from the neighbors who were starving around them, and the Catholic priest who resided in the place was little better off than themselves. He had promised them, however, to send every day to the post office for the expected letter, but morning and evening came and passed to the famishing family, and it came not.

The last spoonful of oat-meal was made into gruel and placed on the little table. The poor mother, already wasted to a skeleton, was lying on the couch of straw, her face wrapt in the ragged coverlet. A thin hand removed the covering, and held a cup to her mouth. With a strong effort she pressed her parched lips close together, and turned away her head.

"Thomas," said she, "take my part of the gruel—it will give you a little strength—and go to his Reverence; who knows but what that letter may have come?"

Thomas was sitting with his face buried in his hands. Raising his sunken eyes, he said, huskly:

"It is no use, Kate. If the money was in my hand, I could not crawl to the nearest market to get bread."

"Nay, go," exclaimed the pale woman, striving to rise. "If the money cannot save our lives, yet it will be blessed to hear once more from the dear boy before we die."

Mary, who had been moving about the room like a shadow, at the mention of her husband, threw herself on the bed beside her mother and sobbed aloud. The bitterest drop in the bitter cup she was drinking, was to die without a farewell from that loved one so far away.

"I will go," said the old man, rising. The holy Virgin grant it may have come! He tottered a few steps towards the door, and fell fainting and exhausted. He never rose again.

Two days after the scene we have been describing, a little pale-faced man, in the peculiar garb of the Catholic clergy, might have been seen walking quickly towards the cabin. Everything was still as death around, and his heart misgave him that all was not well. He raised the latch and pushed open the door, and there before him lay the whole family, still and cold in death. He stood for a moment, horror-struck at the scene, and then, raising his hands towards heaven, he exclaimed "Holy mother, help us! Surely the Lord will not utterly forsake his people!"

He had brought the expected letter, which he had just received. Alas! it came too late. the kind-hearted priest turned away with tears from the scene of death, and, returning home, he wrote an account of the sad fate of the family, and inclosing the letter he had received, sent it to James Moreen.

The winter passed heavily away to poor James. Every day brought sad tidings of the woes of his country, and he trembled at the thought that his family might be involved in the general calamity. At last the fatal letter came. It was handed to him in the store, and with a heart whose throbbings might have been almost heard, he entered the counting-room, and requested one of the clerks to read it. The young man broke the seal, and glanced over the terrible contents. He looked up, and Moreen stood before him, pale and trembling. He had watched the expression of his face, and knew that there were evil tidings.

"Read it—read it!" he exclaimed, with a husky voice. "Let me know it all."

He read with trembling voice, and poor James leaned against the desk for support.—Every feature was convulsed with agony, and his breath came at long and irregular intervals; but when the terrible certainty came over him that they were *dead—all dead—had died of starvation;* he uttered a shriek, and fell, fainting, on the floor. He was removed to his lodging, and for many days raved in wild delirium. Reason at length returned, but his heart was broken. Hope was dead within him. He lingered on a few weeks, and sunk quietly into the grave. A few whom his virtues had won, on his sad and early fate moved to sympathy, laid him down, not without a tear, in his long resting place. But the memory of his worth and his woes has almost passed from the minds of men; and the grass grows green on the mound where his true heart sleeps in peace—yes, sleeps in peace, though no kindred dust lies near; and the foot of the stranger treads lightly o'er his bed, yet he sleeps in peace in his nameless grave.

"Down to the pillow of the grave,
There comes no haunting dreams of woe."

THE ABOLITION EXCITEMENT IN GRAYSON CO., VA.—A COURT DISPERSED BY A MOB.—We mentioned a few days ago that much excitement existed in Grayson county, Va., against certain parties suspected of being Abolitionists, and that Judge BROWN was unable to hold the county court, in consequence of the resignation of the clerk, and his inability to secure another. It now appears the court was dissolved by mob violence, the particulars of which are thus detailed in a letter from Carroll county to the Lynchburg *Virginian*:

"After the execution of the negroes in that county, some time ago, who had been excited to rebellion by a certain Methodist preacher by the name of Bacon, which you have heard, the citizens held a meeting and instituted a sort of inquisition, to find out, if possible, who were the accomplices of said Bacon. Suspicion soon rested on a man by the name of Cornut, and on being charged with being an accomplice, he acknowledged the fact, and declared his intention of persevering in the cause, upon which he was severely lynched. Cornut then instituted suit against the parties, who afterwards held a meeting and passed resolutions, notifying the Court and lawyers not to undertake the case upon pain of a coat of tar and feathers. The Court, however, convened at the appointed time, and true to their promise, a band of armed men marched around the Court House, fired their guns by platoons, and dispersed the Court in confusion. There was no blood shed. This county and the county of Wyth have held meetings and passed resolution sustaining the movement of the citizens of Grayson."

ANOTHER CUBAN EXPEDITION.—A Washington letter in the Philadelphia North American says—

"There are rumors circulating here and in circles that ought to be well informed, of an organization for a third expedition against the Island of Cuba. Several of the so-called officers of the first attempt have been lounging about the metropolis during the winter, with no visible occupation, and no manifest means of support. It is believed that the material for the proposed movement, if procured at all, will be obtained from among a class of foreigners of desperate fortunes, who are ready to engage in any enterprise, however lawless, that may promise pecuniary reward. But it is to be said, to the discredit of persons claiming to be Americans, that the origin and responsibility of the new scheme may be placed at our own doors.

GENERAL LOPEZ STILL ALIVE!—The New Orleans Crescent, of the 19th inst., has the following paragraph: One of the returned Cuban prisoners states that he is credibly informed and has reason to believe, that General Lopez was not garroted, but that another individual, a notorious criminal, who very much resembled Lopez, was the sufferer in the tragic scene at the Plaza de Armas. Our informant states that Lopez is confined in one of the dungeons of Havana, where, without light, without clothing, solitary and scantily fed, he is daily subjected to the most excruciating tortures.—Spanish invention, it is said, has been to the rack to invent tortures sufficiently refined for this scourge of royality in the Antilles.—Without endorsing the story, we give it for what it is worth.

WANTED.—The cow that gave the milk of loving kindness.
The whet stone to sharpen the water's edge.
A few hairs from the tail of woe.
The hen that laid the golden egg.
The newspaper borrower that is willing to admit that there is anything published now a-days, worth reading.